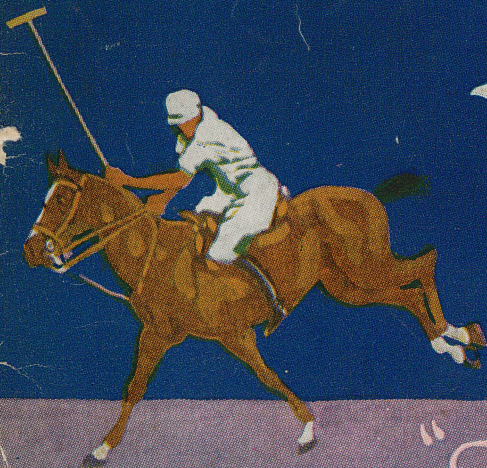
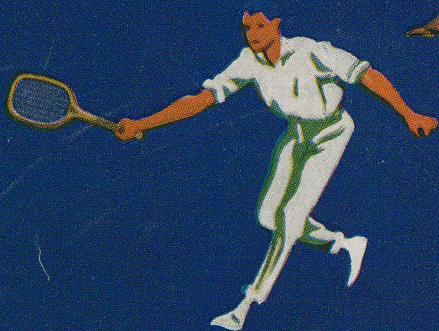


Outdoor Life in MIAMI



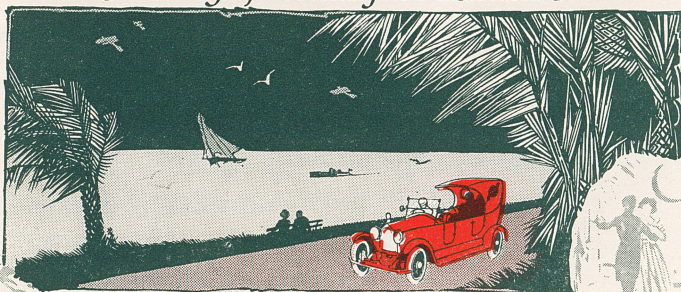
"The City by the Sea"
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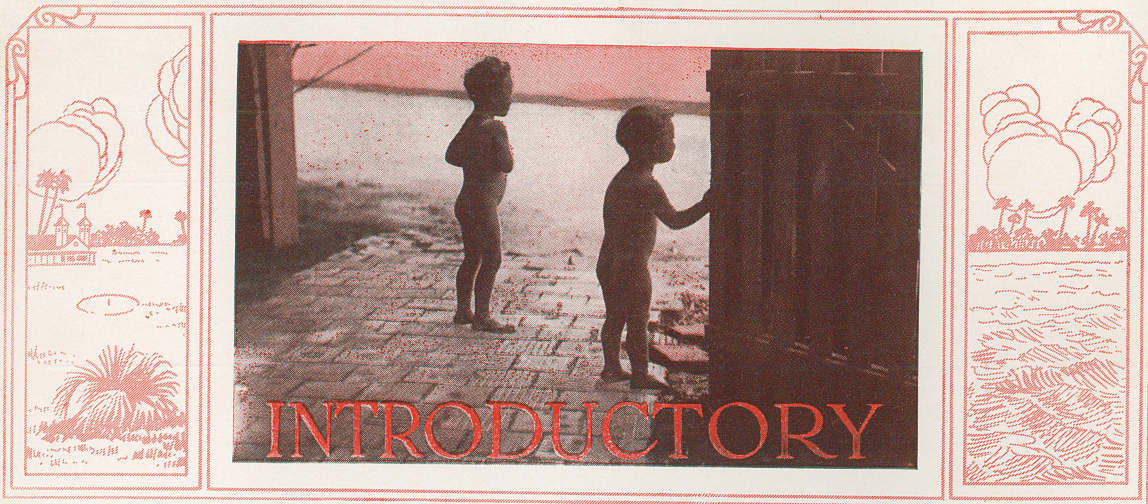
OUTDOOR LIFE in MIAMI

The City of Wonderful Adventure



*The Most Beautiful of
all Florida Seaside Resorts*

1920



ANY quest for youth and for the spirit of youth eventually leads to Miami. It is a young city, with a light heart and a happy disposition. People never frown in Miami. Our visitors come here for the sort of a good time that is born of the big outdoors, of sunshine, flowers, palms, wide waters and agreeable companionship.

Whatever your age, you are boy and girl again under the spell of the swift-passing hours of keen enjoyment. And there is spiritual health in the health that comes with brown arms and tanned faces. "So much to do," might well be a Miami slogan. There need be no two days exactly alike. Nature has endowed this tropic pleasure-place with wide diversity of entertainment. If you have a fad or a hobby, it meets instant response.

And that these diversified sports are not tainted with boisterousness is an important distinction. There is a vast difference between the hurdy-gurdy type of entertainment and the banquet of fun that nature provides.

Miami is wonderfully located for outdoor recreation. Its climate is truly tropic. There are

MIAMI'S PALM-FETE

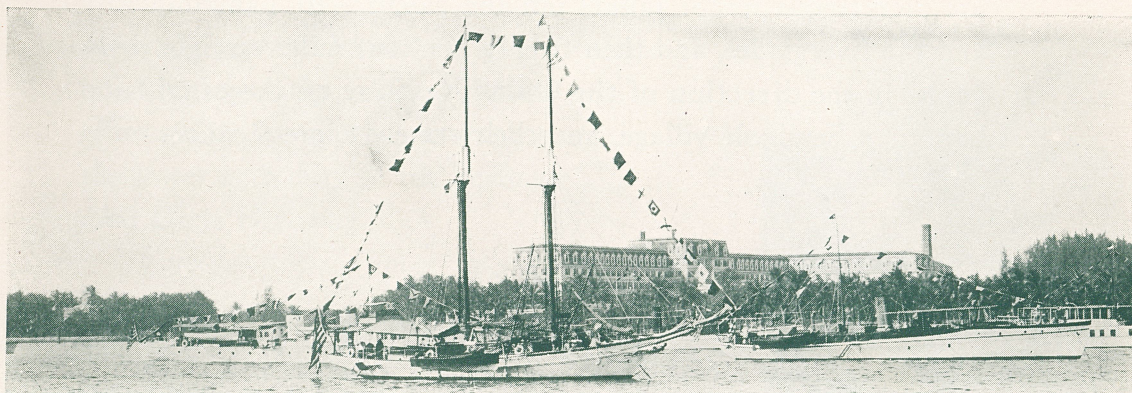
Those who do not witness the annual PALM-FETE at Miami will have missed a great treat, as this great celebration of the opening of the season's entertainment in Miami is well worth traveling thousands of miles to attend. The Land and Water Pageants are most spectacular. Truly it is "A Week of Joy," and will be held this year December 7th to 11th, inclusive.

no dull, spiritless, gloomy *cold* days. Put on your sport costume and KEEP it on. Miami lives in white duck, bare-headed. The benediction of the sun is a birthright.

Wide, velvety roads give the motorist the constant delight of an ever-changing panorama of adventure-tours—to Palm Beach and other East Coast resorts, southward, to Royal Palm Park, out the marvelous Tamiami Trail canal, and through the heart of the mystic Everglades—there are no poor roads in or around Miami.

The holiday spirit prevails, without any of the conspicuous drawbacks. You may have lunch in Cuba or Bimini (British Isles), and air-voyage back to dinner. And always, out yonder, is glittering, scintillant Biscayne Bay, the teeming interest of one of the world's finest harbors, and Old Ocean, green-blue-opal, under the sunshine. Spiced air, like perfume, is wafted from those tropic isles around which history has woven romance ever since the first Spanish galleon spread its sails.

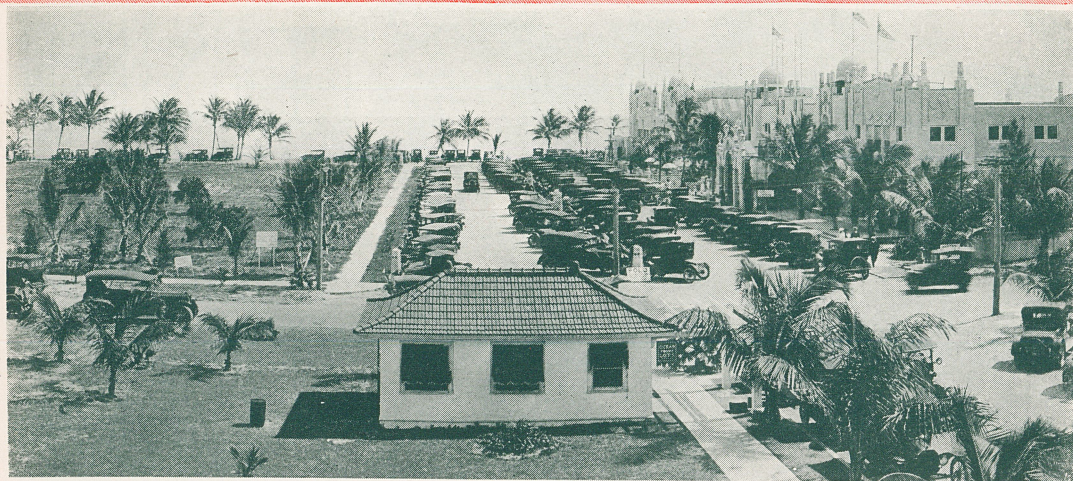
But it is the spirit of youth that gives Miami its greatest individuality. Everyone is YOUNG AGAIN, the moment they touch foot on native soil. And when one is young one can always get the most out of life. Throw back the lid of the gem-set jewel case; draw forth the fishing rod or the golf bag, the oar or the polo pony. Imagination is suddenly colored with gold and scarlet and the blue of stormless skies. A magic wand has made you young at heart and in spirit.



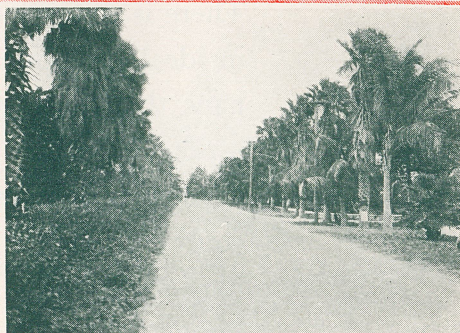


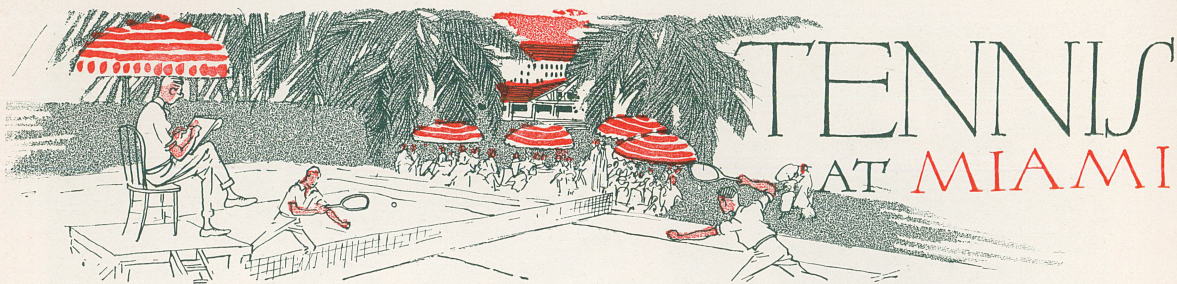
HUNDREDS of miles of perfect roadbed, kept in perfect condition, dustless, bordered by palms, groves of fruit and blossom-heavy trees, the tropic splendor of flowers you never saw before, lace the Miami motor-world together.

These rock-surfaced, oiled automobile trails are boulevards of pleasure, each leading to a new and still more alluring objective. And when there are seven hundred miles of them, the speedometer ticks off a different daily trip. Up the coast, with shadowy bay or river or cool lagoon keeping pace with you, under arches of palm and cypress and water oak, past fertile farm land and green-and-orange groves—stopping for a moment at quaint villages, and perhaps lunching at famous Palm Beach—an easy run from Miami. There are picturesque motor jaunts out the canals—to Tamiami and the Everglades, and then twenty exultant miles straight across in the direction of the Gulf. Nestling on the canal bank is a Seminole village, and their stately cypress canoes



glide along the quiet stream. Myriads of aquatic birds circle overhead. A snowy egret, like a white meteor, wings through the foliated enchantment of a hammock island, ten miles long. Or perhaps you prefer the beach rides—mile upon mile of them, still on perfect ocean roads. Many motorists drive their cars down for the season, just to literally LIVE in them, in and around Miami. You can reach ANY pleasure-ground by motor car—quickly, joyously, with minimum effort. The city is the pendant at the lower extremity of the beflow-ered Dixie Highway.

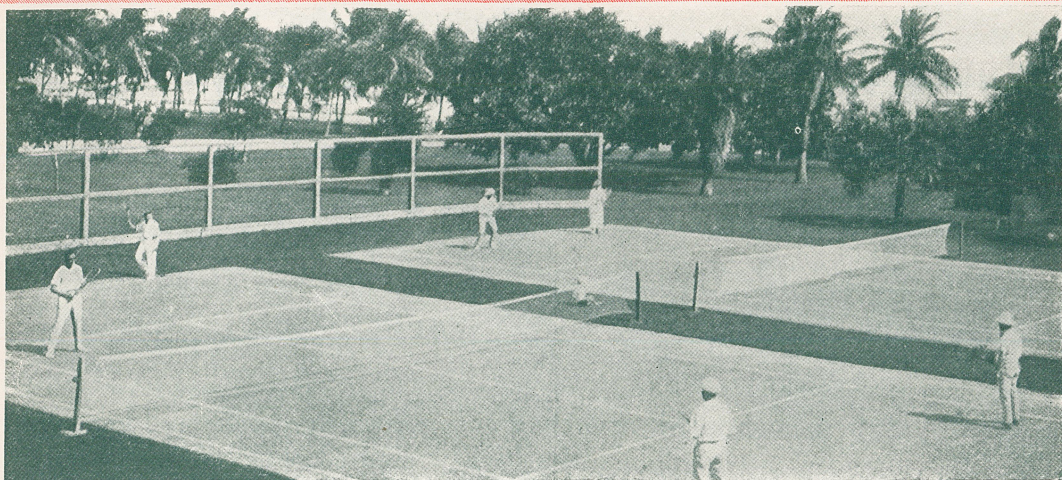




HERE many important tennis events are held, but indoor and outdoor courts invite the veriest amateur at the game.

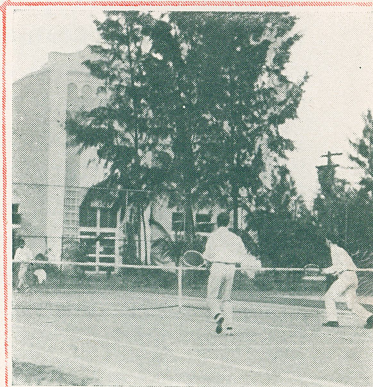
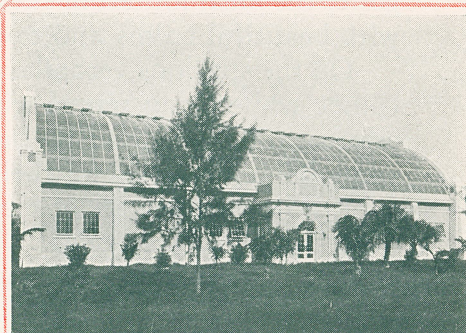
There is one great battery of tennis courts, kept in ideal condition and open to all. The hotels have their own grounds and private courts are legion.

Across at Miami Beach there is an indoor court of real architectural beauty and games are played at night. And when the international famous matches are held at Palm Beach and stars are in the ascendant, it is no more than a motor-step up the Dixie Highway. The tennis enthusiast may not only enjoy the sport himself, but see the experts in record events.



Courts fairly blaze with piquant-colored sweaters, the social life of the large hotels makes a brilliant background, and the tang of the sea comes across Biscayne Bay, tempering the inevitable sunshine.

Sport — happiness — something to do! It is everywhere about. Children are sailing their little boats on the water front, lovers of quoits test their skill in the park, a girl in a snug-fitting riding habit goes laughingly past, on horseback! It's YOUTH again, visualized in the tropic out-of-doors.





ON the beautiful Miami River that nature has showered generously with tropic beauty, the new eighteen-hole course of the Miami Country Club is located. The picturesque setting of the artistic and commodious clubhouse, before which stretch the undulating fairways intermingled with bunkers and hazards and putting greens as smooth as velvet, nature and art have united to give the golfer the ideal for test of skill. The course is 6,238 yards and is dotted with beautiful palms and towering pines.

On the spacious verandas of the clubhouse one may view the entire course while being served with the choicest of foods that the market affords, and the ladies have been especially favored by having the entire second floor arranged for their exclusive use. The club is headquarters for brilliant gatherings of society as well as the Mecca for some of the most noted players from all over the country.

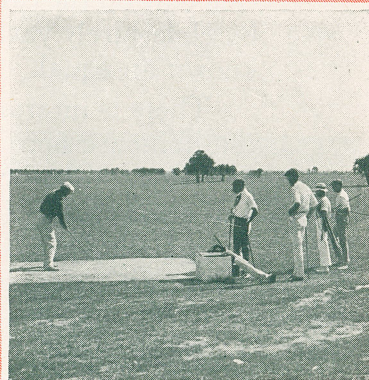
Several seasons ago, a magician transformed a vast sand barren, at Miami Beach, into the sort of eighteen-hole golf course that you see once in a lifetime. Today, it is the scene of national golfing events, and is beautiful beyond description in its native environment. Imagine going to your game in a motor boat! But you can. For a canal, that rivals Venice, winds in and out, around the big, roomy clubhouse. Beyond is the back-drop of cypress and myrtle and moss-draped oaks. And always the purr of the ocean and its refreshing breezes. Hazards and bunkers, greens and fairways are placed in the midst of indescribable beauty. Golf takes on a new romance, a new charm. Experts who have golfed gradually down the entire coast, enthusiastically make Miami their "Golf Headquarters" while deep snows cover the northern courses. And it is because of a peculiarly delightful INDIVIDUALITY. Bermuda grass, crisp and green and as even as plush, carpets the ocean-front course, and friendly clumps of palms, unique little shaded rustic retreats, the flower-bedecked canal are all distinctive features. This course is 6,088 yards, with bogey 81 and par 75.

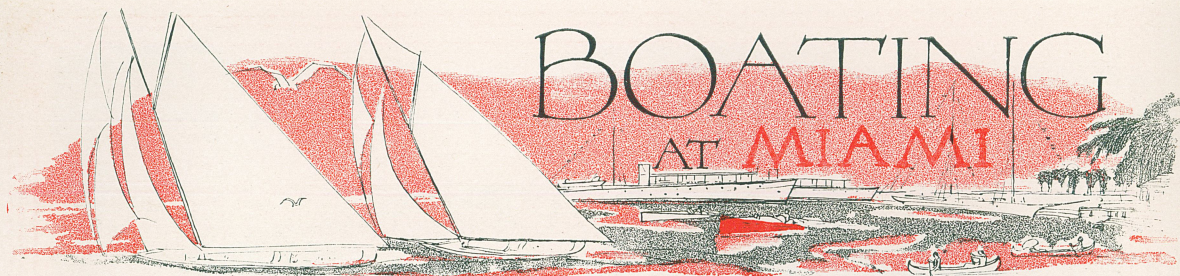


A new nine-hole course adjacent to the new Flamingo Hotel will be opened this winter, and where one year ago was an almost impenetrable mangrove forest, another new eighteen-hole course is emerging into being, to vie with the others in providing plenty of room for the ever-increasing numbers of men and women who find in golf their ideal recreation.

All of them were planned and carried out by the best talent in this country and in Europe. In fact, Miami is almost one vast golf course, with accommodations for all, and distinctive features on each course. The life at the various club-houses is in the spirit of the game. Miami sees some notable matches.

Throw the old clubs over your shoulder, grit your teeth for a lively contest, and while the other fellow is teeing off, stick a flower in your button-hole. It will be the game of your golf life.



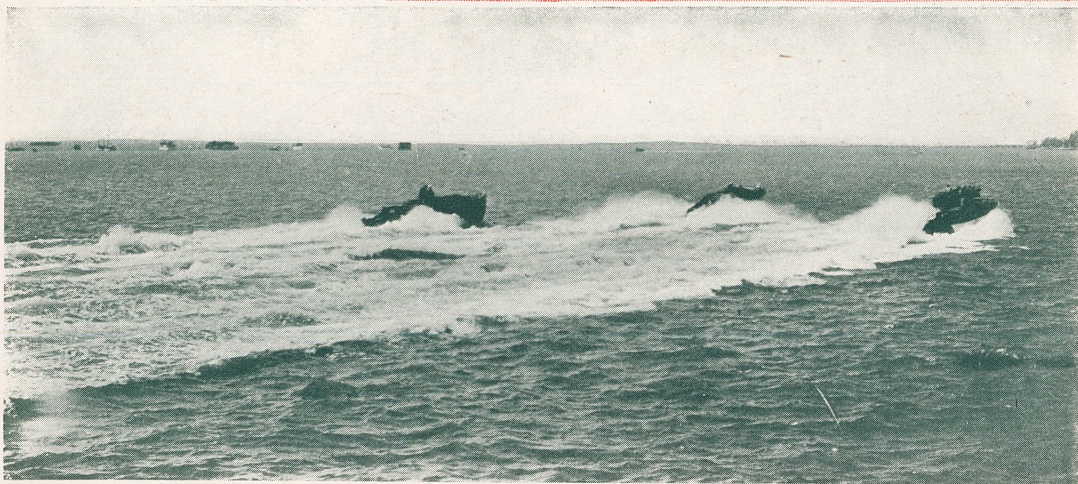


THE bay front is alive with large and small craft, expectant crowds line the piers and walks; across at the beach, still more boats and crowds and lined-up automobiles, and on sun-kissed Biscayne, a restive host of impatient motor boats, eager to be off. The shot! The quick, pulsating leap forward into opalescent waters—and the race is on.

The midwinter regattas at Miami are a matter of national and international moment. Motion-picture reels carry the news of them to the four quarters of the globe. And this is but a minor part of the water pleasures that await the visitor. Here, in season, congregate in our beautiful harbor, the sleek, gold-and-white private yachts from EVERYWHERE, lying, like immense gulls, on Biscayne's placid waters and hovering around the garden-hedged Royal Palm Hotel and Royal Palm Park where, beneath the coconut palms, Arthur Pryor and his wonderful band play twice daily.

Smaller craft have made the inside-course cruise southward, too, and are now at journey's-end, content to remain—forever. Busy little excursion boats of exceedingly nominal fares ply in every direction—down Biscayne Bay, past that palatial castle of dreams, Villa Vizcaya, the home of James Deering, on and on, to tropic isles for which this part of Florida is famous. Or there is canoeing on the canals and rivers, row-boating from every bayside hotel, leisurely yachting cruises to fishing grounds that have never known an equal.

There is interest, too, in watching the stately boats come up to the immense new Municipal Dock, after safe entry through the new Government Ship Canal, now deep enough to accommodate any craft. For it is here that the boats laden with fruit from the West Indies, the Bahamas, Cuba and still further ports, discharge their treasure cargoes. This season will find a superb ocean liner



plying between Cuba and Miami on regular schedule — a liner that makes it in record time.

Or there is the ocean trip to the British possession of Bimini — a palm-dressed jungle-island, with the Fountain of Youth that Ponce de Leon was searching for, only a short distance away. Miami has its canals and its lakes, its rivers and its bay, its ocean and its quiet streams, rich in Indian legend. And there are boats for EVERY kind of cruise or trip. There is no stint of them. Neptune is kindly disposed hereabouts—the waterways are all blessed by consistently pleasant weather conditions. Miami Harbor is unquestionably one of the most popular and well-conducted water fronts in the world. It possesses all the romance and charm of noted European resorts of a similar character.





M IAMI's accessibility to the ocean front and to bathing beaches is now an acknowledged feature, for the splendid new Causeway united city and seashore by a palm-lined boulevard heretofore unknown to Florida. And there are so MANY beaches! Miami Beach has its gay casino, its multicolored umbrella chairs, its fashionable throngs, its de luxe restaurant, and its general atmosphere of well-mannered exclusiveness. Below it are other casinos and other beach resorts, equally complete. Here the children have their swings and their games, their shallow salt-water pools, their aerial water slides—anything and everything that youth claims as its own. And all of this WITHOUT the rowdiness and cheap clatter-trap that so often marks the ocean front. For Miami Beach is a community unto itself, separately policed and governed, and conducted along the same conservative lines that have endeared Miami proper to the nation.

“You may have a private beach all to yourself,” has been said of this strip of splendid land that fringes the Atlantic. And it is no exaggeration. Northward, the same clean, white beach stretches, until it seems as if it would NEVER end. Back from shore are the palms and the tropic plant life and



always, too, the smooth-as-glass automobile road.

The ocean has its own marvelous way of taking on moods. The surf at Miami Beach rolls in—curling, green-tinted cascades of extraordinary grace and beauty, and the beaches are wide and compact. There are no better beaches anywhere—few their equal. The life-guard patrol has always been a feature. When you want the thunder and majesty of the sea—its cooling lave and its endless perspective, dancing to the far horizon—it is always JUST ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY, accessible by land or by water, by boat or by motor car—on foot or by frequent trolley cars.

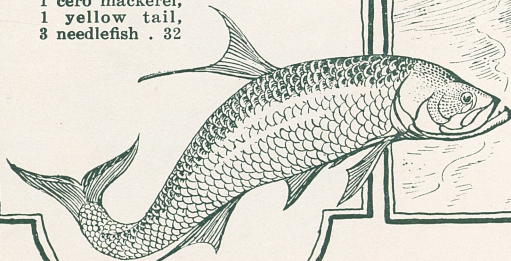


Miami's Famous

Fishing Record from November 23, 1919, to June 3, 1920

By a Miami Winter Resident.

1919 Pounds
November 23d—Left dock at 8.00 a. m.; back at 12.30 p. m. Speared crawfish 30
November 27th—Left dock at 7.45 a. m.; back 3.30 p. m. 9 groupers, 3 snappers, 51 grunts 63
December 3d—Left dock at 7.30 a. m.; back at 3.40 p. m. 1 mackerel, 3 snappers, 10 groupers, 8 squirrel fish, 26 grunts. Sea rough 48
December 7th—Left dock at 7.35 a. m.; back at 3.25 p. m. 1 mackerel, 6 groupers, 2 snappers, 18 grunts 27
December 11th—Left dock at 7.40 a. m.; back at 3.30 p. m. 18 grunts, 4 groupers, 2 snappers. Very rough 24
December 17th—Left dock 8.30 a. m.; back 3.15 p. m. Speared 21 crawfish, caught 9 groupers, 2 turbot, 5 squirrel fish, 6 yellow tails, 20 grunts 63
December 20th—Left dock at 8.00 a. m.; back 3.00 p. m. 6 kingfish, 22 grunts, 6 runners, 3 yellow tails, 3 crawfish. Rain 40
December 24th—Left dock at 7.45 a. m.; back at 3.30 p. m. 32 grunts, 8 groupers, 2 squirrel fish, 1 turbot 43
December 26th—Left dock at 8.30 a. m.; back at 3.40 p. m. 8 cero mackerel (16 pounds), 1 large runner, 1 3-foot needlefish, 10 grunts, 1 fish (name unknown, 2-foot long, shaped something like a barracuda, a golden stripe along each side 1/2 inch wide like lace—a beautiful fish) 21
December 29th—Left dock at 7.40 a. m.; back at 3.20 p. m. 1 kingfish, 1 cero mackerel, 2 groupers, 2 porgies, 32 grunts, 1 lawyer (no good) 39
December 31st—Left dock at 8 a. m.; back at 3.30 p. m. 11 cero mackerel, 4 groupers (2 13 1/2 pounds each), 1 3 1/2-foot barracuda, 1 30-inch needlefish, 1 grunt 18
1920
January 1st—Left dock at 8.05 a. m.; back at 12.40 p. m. 2 runners, 1 lizard fish, 6 grunts, 34 crawfish 43
January 13th—Left dock at 8.00 a. m.; back at 12.00 p. m. Speared 47 crawfish, caught 2 groupers 49
January 16th—Left dock at 7.40 a. m.; back at 3.45 p. m. Strong southeast wind, heavy sea, out to Bell Buoy and Powey Rock. Too rough for fishing. 27 grunts, 1 cero mackerel, 1 yellow tail, 3 needlefish . 32



• Jowey Rock Light

MANGROVE SNAPPERS
AFRICAN POMPANO TURBIT
NASSAU GROUPE GRUNTS
BLACK GROUPERS CHUBS
AMBERJACK BARRACOUA
SQUIRREL FISH PORK FISH
RED GROUPE MACKEREL
RED SNAPPER ANGEL FISH
MUTTON FISH PARROT FISH
YELLOW TAIL HOG FISH
SPOTTED HINES

SAIL FISH TUNA DOLPHIN BONITA
KIND FISH ALBERCORE AMBERJACK
RED SNAPPERS GROUPE YELLOW-TAIL
SEA TURTLE POMPANO MUTTON FISH
JEW FISH SEA BASS

COW FISH TARPON
WHIPPED TAIL RAY SEA COWS
STING RAY BONE FISH
GROUPE PORCIE
SAND PERCH GRUNTS
CRAY FISH STONE CRABS

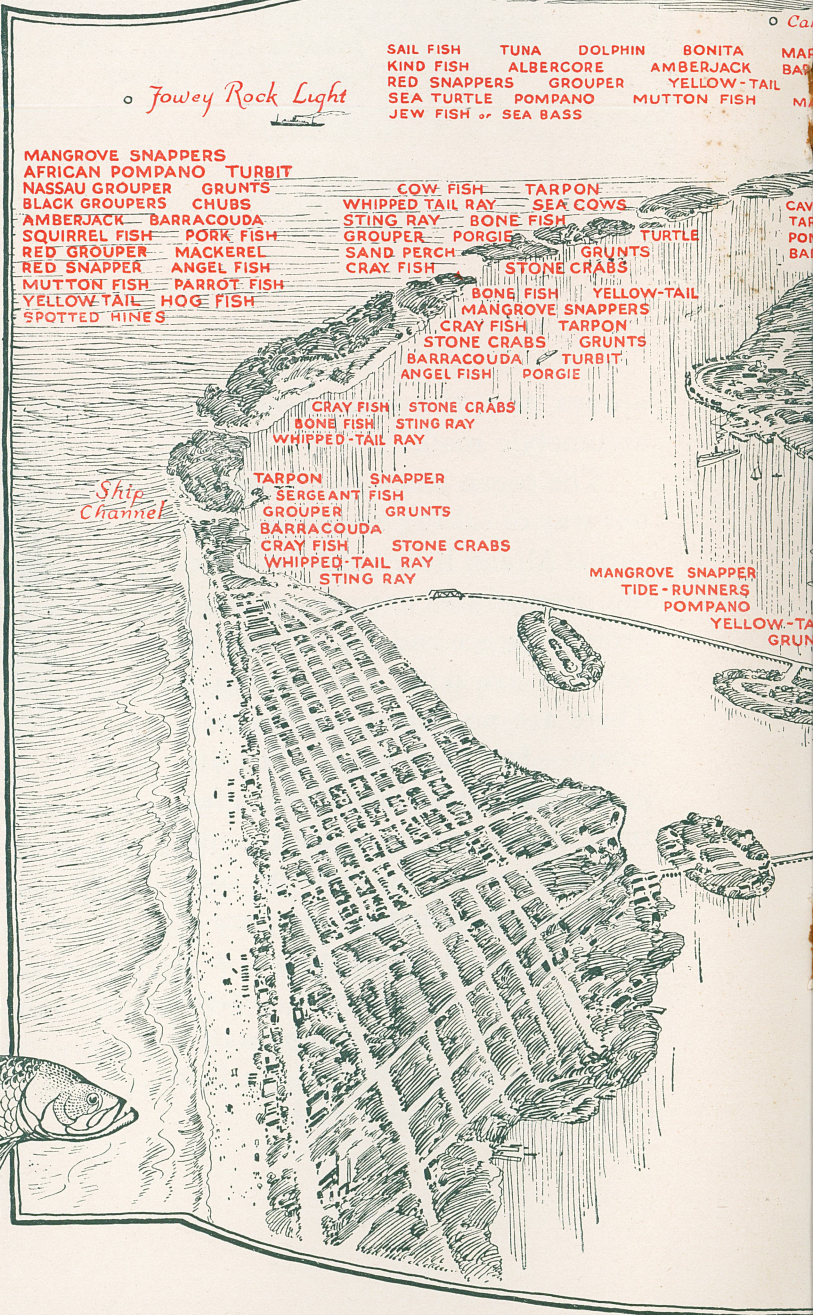
BONE FISH YELLOW-TAIL
MANGROVE SNAPPERS
CRAY FISH TARPON
STONE CRABS GRUNTS
BARRACOUA TURBIT
ANGEL FISH PORCIE

CRAY FISH STONE CRABS
BONE FISH STING RAY
WHIPPED TAIL RAY

Ship Channel

TARPON SNAPPER
SERGEANT FISH
GROUPE GRUNTS
BARRACOUA
CRAY FISH STONE CRABS
WHIPPED TAIL RAY
STING RAY

MANGROVE SNAPPER
TIDE-RUNNERS
POMPANO
YELLOW-TAIL
GRUNTS



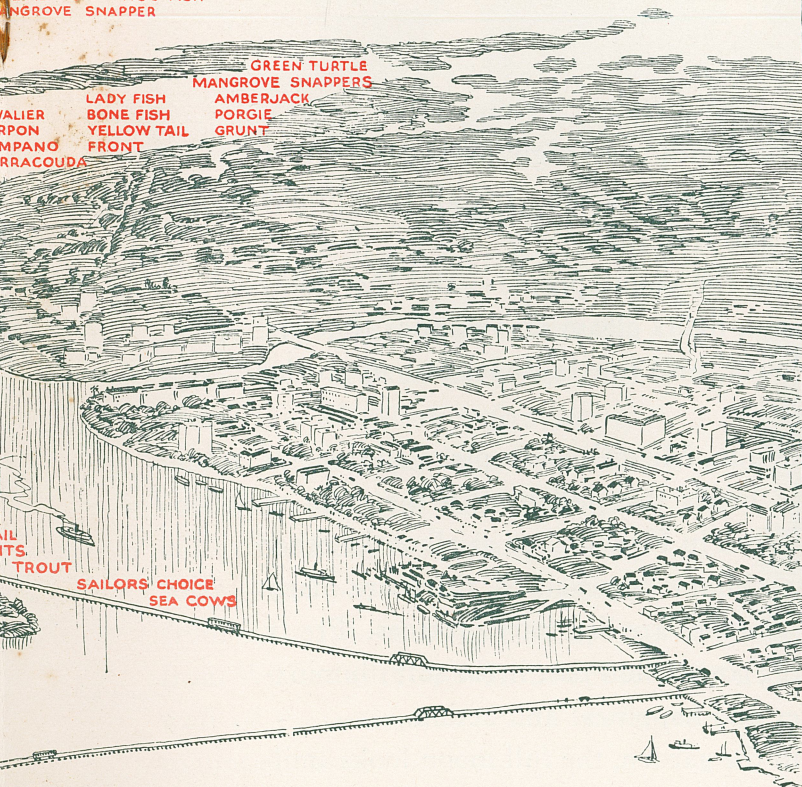
us Fishing Grounds

ry'sfoot Light

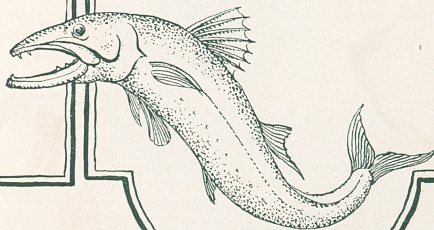
RLIN MACKEREL
RACOUA WAHOO
EVIL FISH HOG FISH
MANGROVE SNAPPER

GREEN TURTLE
MANGROVE SNAPPERS
LADY FISH
BONE FISH
YELLOW TAIL
FRONT
VALIER
RPN
MPANO
RACOUA

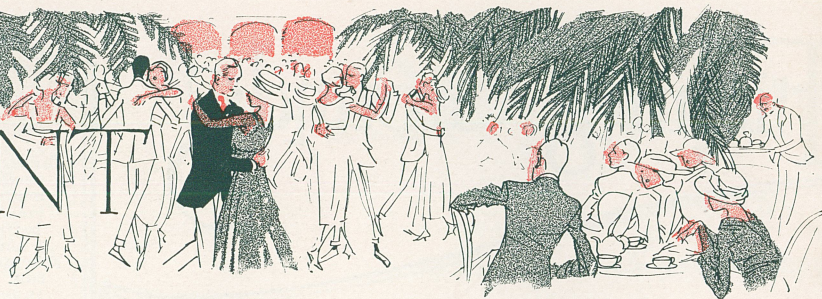
IL
ITS
TROUT
SAILORS CHOICE
SEA COWS



January 26th—1 kingfish, 1 runner, 2 groupers, 2 yellow tails, 39 grunts, 6 squirrel fish, caught 12 sand perch for bait . . .	63
January 31st—Caught 15 sand perch (inside, for bait), 1 mutton fish (snapper), 6 cero mackerel (2 very large), 1 barracuda (38½ inches long), 1 amber jack . . .	24
February 2d—31 sand perch for bait, 2 mackerel, 1 mutton fish, 19 grunts, 1 lawyer, 1 sea robin, 1 parrot fish . . .	56
February 3d—Out three hours. Speared crawfish . . .	20
February 4th—6 mackerel, 7 grunts, 2 porgies (1 huge), 1 barracuda, 1 sea robin, 14 sand perch for bait, 2 groupers . . .	33
February 7th—40 grunts, 2 groupers, 1 runner; home at 2.00 p. m. . .	43
February 9th—52 grunts, 4 groupers, 2 snappers, 4 turbot, 2 porgies, 1 sea robin, and 3 fish I can't name . . .	68
February 21st—Caught 16 sand perch (inside, for bait), 11 cero mackerel, 2 groupers, 6 grunts. A shark took a mackerel I had on my line and line and mackerel disappeared . . .	35
February 24th—2 groupers, 4 grunts, speared 42 crawfish . . .	48
March 26th—26 grunts, 16 groupers, 1 porgy (5 pounds), 1 yellow tail, 1 variegated turbot . . .	44
April 7th—Left dock at 8.35 a. m.; back at 2.30 p. m. 6 king fish, 1 snapper (5 pounds), 2 groupers, 14 grunts, 1 yellow tail, 1 squirrel fish . . .	25
April 14th—12 grunts, 2 groupers, 1 turbot, 1 sand perch . . .	16
April 17th—Left dock at 9.30 a. m.; back at 2.45 p. m. 20 sand perch for bait (inside), 28 grunts, 1 mutton fish (9 pounds), 1 yellow tail . . .	50
5 groupers, 2 yellow tails, 1 turbot, 2 squirrel fish . . .	57
April 29th—64 grunts, 11 squirrel fish, 1 parrot fish, 1 turbot . . .	77
May 1st—40 grunts, 6 squirrel fish, 1 sea robin (out 3 hours) . . .	47
May 4th—Caught 23 sand perch (for bait), 22 grunts, 3 groupers, 2 yellow tails, cero mackerel have left . . .	50
May 14th—34 grunts, 2 snappers (4 to 5½ pounds), 1 rock grouper, 1 squirrel fish, 2 bonitos (1 27 inches long), 1 barracuda (39½ inches long) . . .	41
May 22d—1 snapper (6 pounds), 25 grunts, 13 squirrel fish, 2 yellow tails, 1 shark . . .	41
June 3d—5 crawfish, 1 snapper, 4 grunts, 3 turbot, 2 groupers. Big southeast wind and rain squall drove us home . . .	15
Total	1393



TEA DANSA AT MIAMI



THE hotel life at Miami is, of course, unparalleled. Here again, the spirit of youth is strongly in evidence. Old folks become "sweethearts" again. It's all very bright and happy and cordial and fraternal.

When dusk falls, and the young people—and the old—return from their outings, lights gleam on verandas that are shaded by vine and flower, and music floats out upon the perfumed air.

Over at the Royal Palm, Miami's show-place and one of the immortal string of hotels that followed in the train of Mr. Flagler's splendid work in Florida, and at all of the other magnificent hotels that Miami is proud of, there are many orchestras in full tilt. Porches are like fairy grottoes. Pretty girls, in as pretty evening gowns, flow past in the soft illumination. There is laughter and happiness and action.

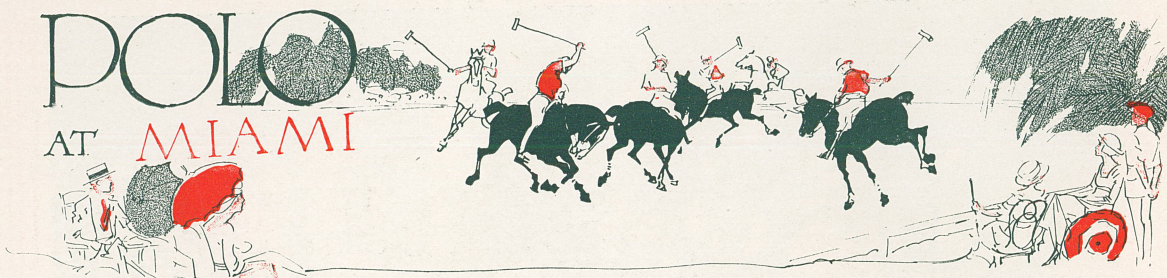
Under the palms, in the garden, the full moon looks smilingly down, through lacery of leaf and flower, upon a dance floor set in the open. The orchestra is playing. And on all sides rise the plumed palms and the bowers of rare flowers. It is distilled enchantment of a wonderful Florida night!



Of lazy afternoons, when the wind blows in from Biscayne Bay, there are wisps of waltz music under the waving fronds of the coconut and royal palm; and the click of tea cups, as many young folks—and old—revel in freedom from dull care—cut as surely apart from Winter as though an invisible wall of protection had been built mountain high.

And it is the same wherever you go—at this hotel or that one—as far out as jungle-surrounded Coconut Grove, where little rustic taverns and tea houses stand beneath the inevitable palms.

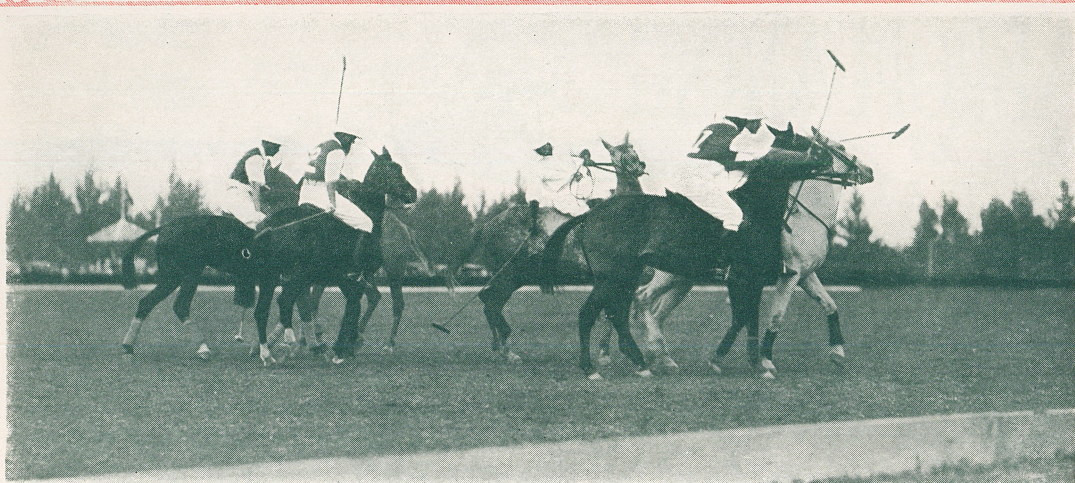




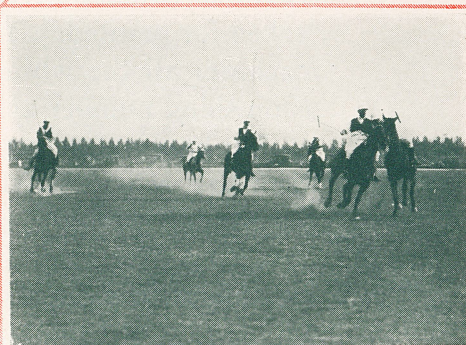
POLO is a comparatively new sport for Miami, but its success was instantaneous. Last season a record gathering of players and polo ponies enlivened the Miami Beach grounds.

As you motor across the causeway, you swing smartly to the left and come upon a gala field, with its own grand stand, perfect sod, and ample car parkage. Polo is played PROFESSIONALLY AT MIAMI. The ponies are sent from the finest stables in the country—some from abroad.

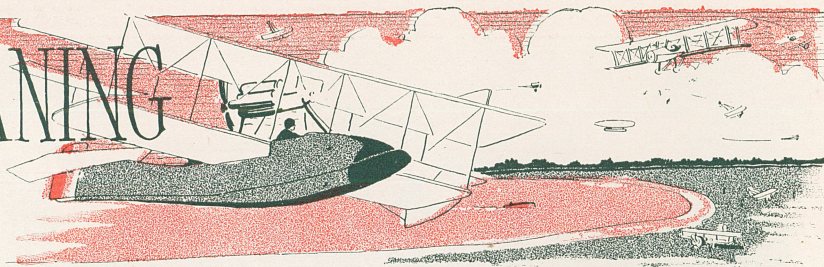
Spirited contests are held here, at frequent intervals, and the magnitude of the program is evidenced by the ever-increasing demand for entries. Trophies are offered these white-helmeted, alert players, as they dash across the field on their nervous, highly educated chargers. It is not too much to predict that Miami will become a Winter polo center for the most expert players in the saddle.



The greatest series of polo games ever seen in the United States will be inaugurated at Miami Beach commencing in December and these will include matches with teams of International fame. At least three complete teams will be on the fields all winter, and announcement of dates with visiting teams will be made later. Preparations have been made to stable one hundred and twenty-five ponies, and followers of polo are assured of a brilliant season.

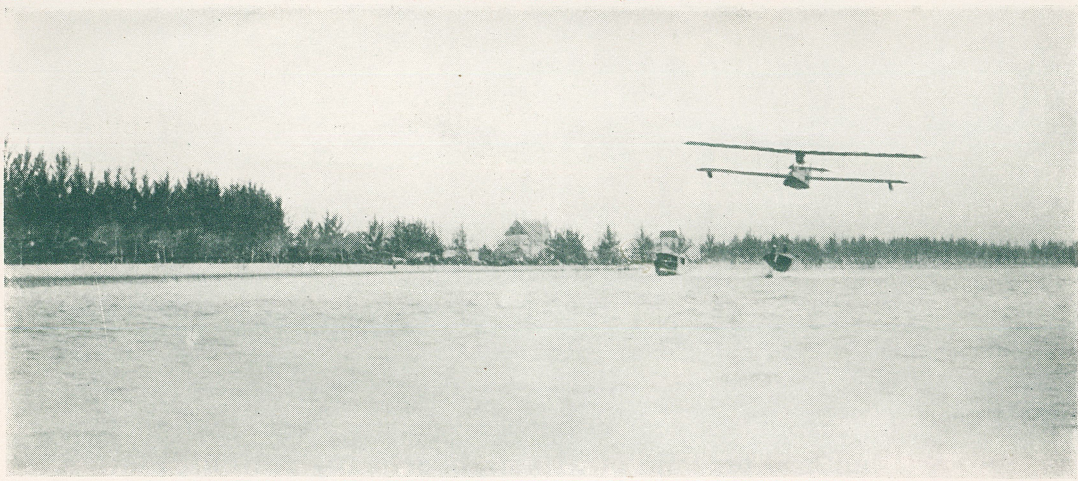


AEROPLANING AT MIAMI



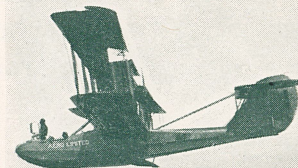
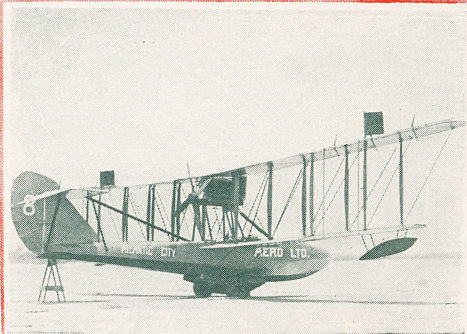
It was the Great War that gave Miami its leadership in aviation. For during those critical days, the city was one mighty eagle's nest of airplanes. And we have never gotten out of the habit. In no city in the United States is air travel so consistently a part of the community life. It is "taken for granted." The sky is buzzing and humming with machines all the while. Only the tourist marvels at the astonishing number and frequency of them.

But here is the statement that is significant: The Government has recognized Miami's need for air-postal service, and the project is almost a reality at this writing. Already the air-post reaches as far south as Atlanta, Georgia. Miami is the next logical station. There is an existent schedule flight from Miami to New York—a sixteen-hour flight only. The Miami morning paper has been read the SAME EVENING in the metropolis. Last season inaugurated a consistent aerial schedule northward from Miami, with such stop-overs as may be desired. Twelve hundred people took airplane trips from Miami last season. There were no fatalities. These skybound objectives were Bimini, Cuba, Key West, Nassau, Palm Beach and the Bahama Islands. There are numerous operative lines and a daily airplane schedule to lands adjacent. Miami was the



first city to encourage the idea of air travel, as part of daily life—the life of the present generation. Three training stations were located here in war times, by the United States Government. There must have been a reason.

Come, ye who love the out-of-doors and all that goes with it; the song of the surf, the hiss of the well-driven golf ball, the exhilaration of a spirited tennis match, camping, hunting, fishing, yachting, motor-boating, polo, motoring — all and everything in the wide world of joyous sport—Miami revels in it, and WELCOMES you as one of its merry band of players.



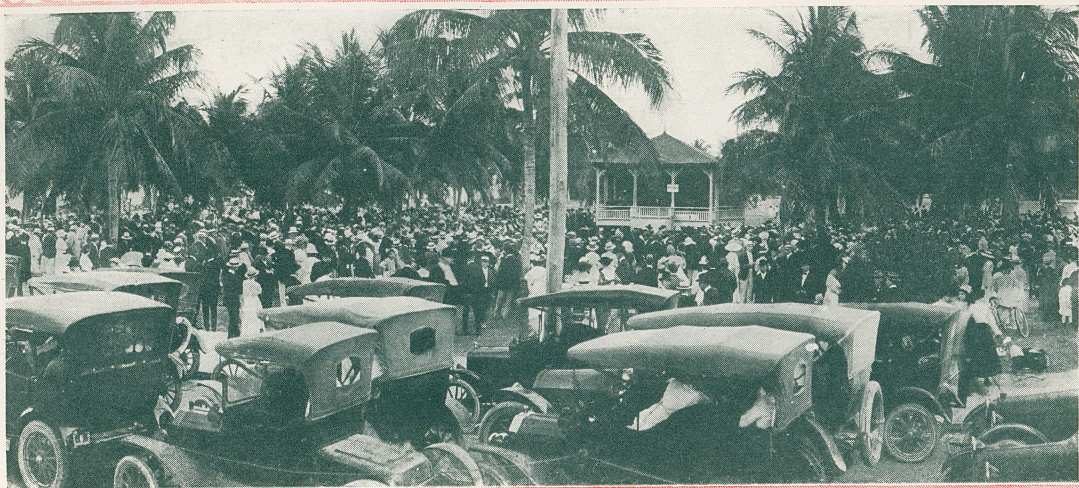


PRYOR and his famous band, frequently a feature of the musical program of Miami, over many seasons, has been engaged for a longer period than ever before. He brings a remarkably fine collection of musicians, and, as is well known, his selections cover a wide range and express the latest and the best in band work.

The band stand in Royal Palm Park has been rebuilt and here, beneath the palms, afternoons and evenings, Arthur Pryor plays to large gatherings of delighted music-lovers.

A Pryor program means something to please every taste, from the dignity of grand opera to the sprightliness of the latest jazz. Here is a band that is known from coast to coast, has played at many of the larger northern resorts, at the splendid new Capitol Theatre, and for many summer seasons at Asbury Park. Mr. Pryor is fond of Miami and Miami is fond of Mr. Pryor and his band. The engagement this year begins on December seventh and continues for seventeen weeks until April fifth.

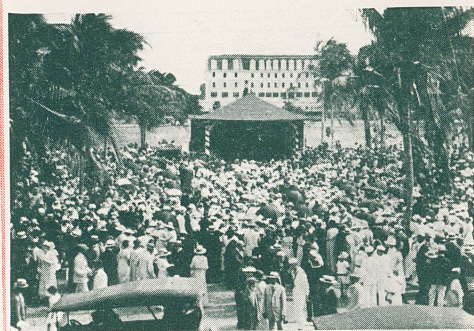
The hotels have their own orchestras, and many of the most noted concert artists appear regularly at Miami's spacious Temple. The Winter season, in fact, is one of continuous musical treats, ranging all the way from grand-opera singers



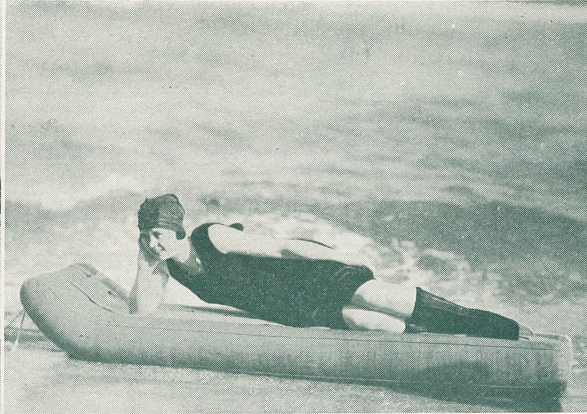
to the celebrated violinist, Mischi Elman. Miami's church music has received hearty commendation from our visitors.

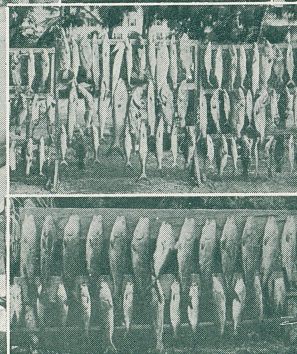
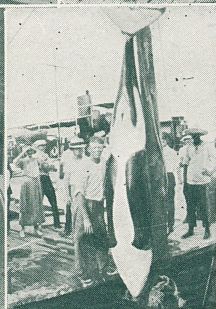
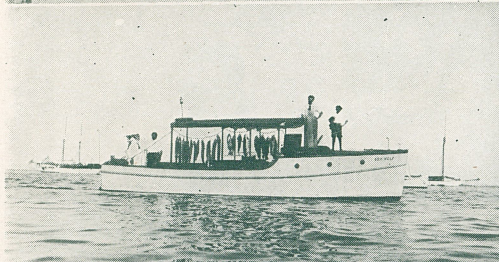
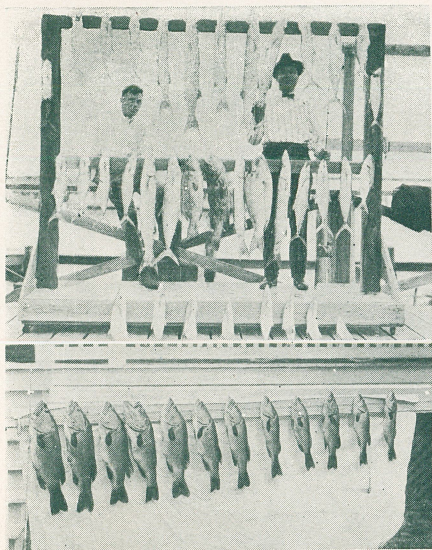
There is dance music, too, of the lilting, swaying, ear-tickling kind, at many of the hotels and at dance halls on Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, for those who wish to trip the light fantastic.

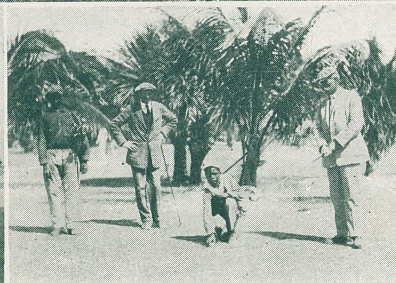
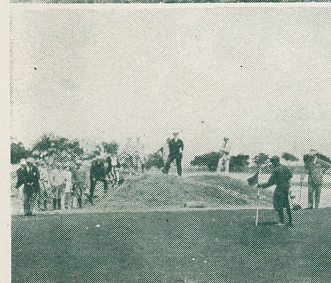
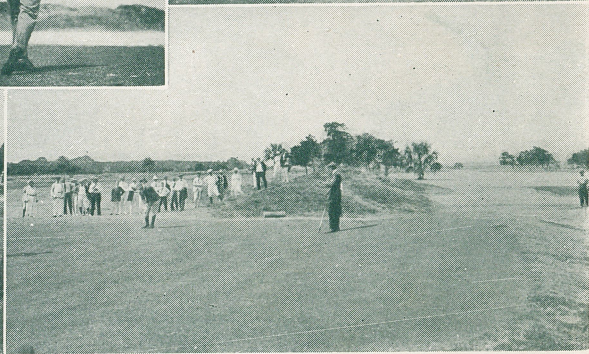
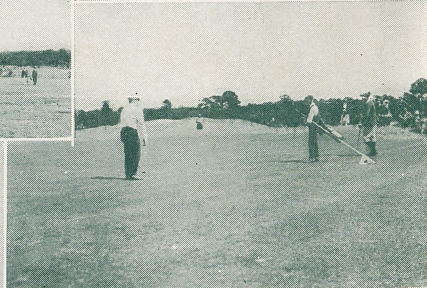
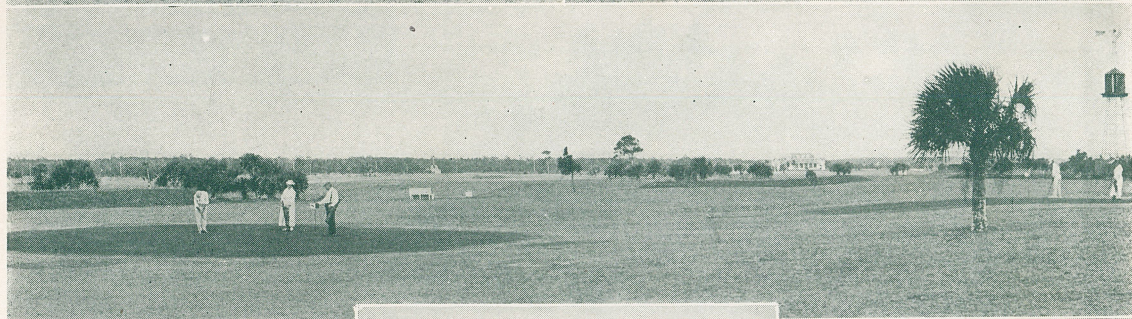
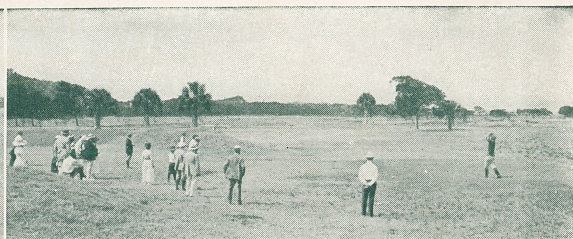
You who love the sentiment and romance of music, will never know its full realization, until you drift idly in a boat, on the bay, and hear the subdued melody from Royal Palm Park steal out over the still waters, when the moon is high and the breeze is filled with the enchantment of sea and flowers.

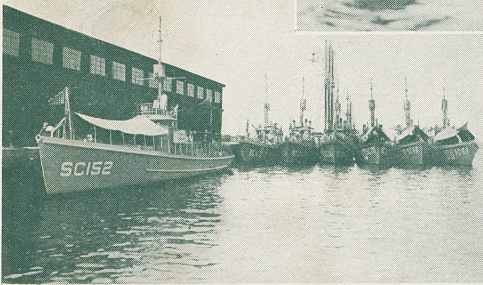
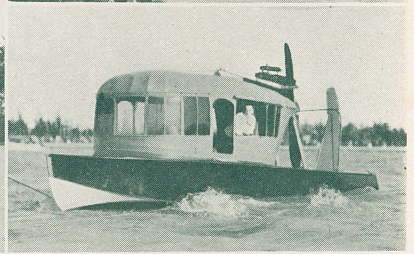
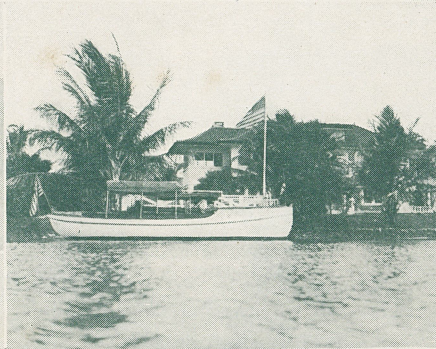
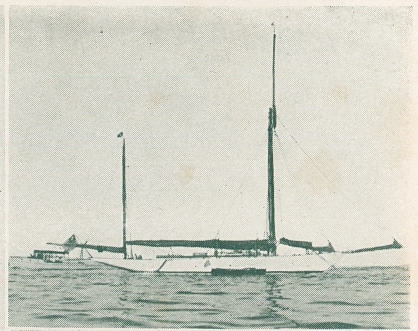












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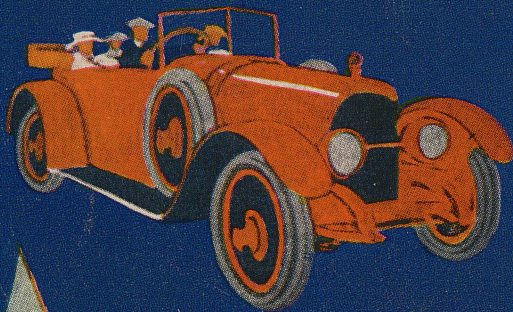
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